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Catharine A. Barbour

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CATHARINE HAYDEN BARBOUR

June first 1863 — September fifth 1901

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness

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1 JUNE 1902

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HER BIRTHDAY

She is at rest,
In God's own presence blest,
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet.
Her birthdays o'er,
She counts the years no more;
Time's footfall is not heard along the golden street.

No passing cloud
Her loveliness may shroud;
The beauty of her youth may never fade;
No line of care
Her sealed brow may wear,
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

No sin-born thought
May in that home be wrought
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart;
No tear, no sigh,
No pain, no death be nigh
Where she hath entered in, no more to "know in part."

Her faith is sight,
Her hope is pure delight,
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain;
Her untold bliss—
What thought can follow this!
To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

Her eyes have seen
The King, no veil between,
In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed;
No earth-breathed haze
Can dim that rapturous gaze;
She sees Him face to face on whom her guilt was laid.

A little while
And they whose loving smile
Had melted neath the touch of lonely woe,
Shall reach her home
Beyond the star-built dome;
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall know.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

JUNE FIRST, 1902.

On this, our friend's first birthday after her entrance into her heavenly home, we who had the privilege of her intimate acquaintance present this little memorial, placing in permanent form a little of the story of her life for her "beloved Spain," though we realize that to those who knew her best she has left a memorial far more lasting than a printed page, a memory of a sunny spirit, and a simple consistent life.

The record of her life is made up in its outlines from a memorandum which she herself furnished, with no thought that it would one day be recorded thus. The tributes to her memory are a few of the many that would gladly have been given by those who knew most of her life at Mount Holyoke and in Spain.

In the days when we as a country were in the throes of civil war somewhat uncertain of the issue, there stood in the town of Barkhamsted, Connecticut, a two-story brick farmhouse which has since been destroyed by fire. In that old farmhouse Catharine Hayden Barbour was born on the first day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. Her father was Gaylord Barber, who had descended from Thomas Barber, or Barbour, one of the early settlers of Windsor, and a descendant of Peter Brown, who came over in the *Mayflower;* some of his descendants had settled in Canton. Her mother was Catharin Hayden, daughter of Luke

and Martha (Rexford) Hayden and a descendant in direct line from William Hayden, of Windsor.* The old brick house was long known as "the Luke Hayden homestead," and her parents had removed there in order to care for the grandfather in his declining years. Catharine was destined to know her mother's loving care only a short time, for in May 1868, the mother died, leaving five children, the youngest an infant only two months old. In 1867 the family had removed from Barkhamsted to a farmhouse two miles from Canton Centre, which formed Catharine's first real home. To quote her own words: "In November 1868, father married again and gave us the best stepmother that ever lived," and to the tender care of this new mother and to that of her older sister, Florence, Catharine owed much of her early training which showed its results in her later life.

For ten years commencing in 1869 she attended the district school in the neighborhood to which she afterwards returned as a teacher. From 1878 to 1881 she attended the Collinsville High School, except in the spring of 1879 when she commenced her mission as a teacher in the district school she had attended only a short time previously. After her graduation from the high school in June 1881, she taught for an entire year in her own district school again, and during two terms of the next year (1882–83) taught in East Winsted.

Her first real sorrow came to her in April 1879, when her father died from the after results of an accident that she herself had witnessed. He left her "just when we were finding out how much we might be to each other," to quote again

* These facts regarding ancestry are taken from the Hayden Genealogy, 1888. The record of Catharine's life in that work is strangely confused with that of her older sister, Florence.

from her own words. At the age of eleven she united with the Congregational Church at Canton Centre, of which she remained a member all her life. She early became interested in mission work, and in May 1883, attended a missionary meeting at Torrington "which finally confirmed the resolution made in childhood to be a missionary, partially in consequence of which" she "decided to go to Mount Holyoke."

During the summer of 1883 she was busy with the preparation for Mount Holyoke, working with dressmakers and "all sorts of things to earn money." Then followed the four happy years at Mount Holyoke, where the deeper lines were graven in her character, and where she made the friends who still remain to prepare this memorial to her loving unselfish life. Early in life she had become attracted toward the study of nature; with the aid of an older sister she had taken up the rudiments of botany and had become expert in the study of her home flora; she explored every nook and cranny of her neighborhood and loved the ferns and flowers tenderly and well. She prepared a collection of the native plants of her home town, and this, with additions made while in college and later, forms the nucleus of the herbarium she afterwards placed in the Instituto Internacional. It is more than likely that early training and perhaps heredity had something to do with this love of flowers, for her own mother delighted in them and was quite an ardent student of botany, and her grandfather Barber also had been much interested in flowers and had brought pitcher-plants and other rarities to transplant in the bogs of his home farm where they are still growing. During her Mount Holyoke days, Catharine gave very special attention to botany and zoölogy under the tutelage of Miss

Hooker and Miss Clapp, and prepared herself specially to teach these subjects. Mount Holyoke was then still a Seminary, but after it became a College she returned for another year's work while on a furlough from the mission field, and received the degree of B.S. with the class of 1895. Her original graduation from the Seminary was with the class of 1887.

Catharine had not long to wait for a call to active labor, and in January 1888, she arrived in San Sebastian, Spain, where she had been invited to become a teacher in the Instituto Internacional, a school for girls located in that beautiful Spanish seaport overlooking the Bay of Biscay. She set about learning the language at once and soon came to love both the language and the country to which she gave her life. When she had been in the country only a few months she was able to conduct classes in botany and other subjects in Spanish, and she finally acquired a marked fluency in the language of the country of her adoption. It was truly a beautiful language as it purled from her lips, for in using the Spanish as in everything she did, she threw her whole soul into it with an enthusiasm that was at once an inspiration and a delight. We leave to some of her associates in the school the account of her labor there, and her connection with the development of the Christian Endeavor work in Spain, in which added field of usefulness she found an opportunity for earnest work and one into which she threw her strong personality and gifted powers.

Her summer vacations were usually spent in the Pyrenees, where she was an expert climber and where she studied the flora of the higher ranges. She spent many days at Osse—"dear Osse," as she always called it—for it was here that many beautiful things came into her life, and

it was here she was sent when the beginnings of the dread disease that finally took her life commenced to show themselves. She never tired in telling of the *forêt*, and from it and from the beautiful mountains above it she drew the inspiration that carried her through the toils of each year as new duties and heavier responsibilities came upon her. In August 1889, she visited the Paris Exposition, and in August and September 1892 she went to Switzerland by the way of Carcassonne and there joined Arma Smith, with whom she traveled through the mountains, and finally joined Miss Hooker at Genoa and remained to attend the Congresso Botanico Internazionale, where she met many botanists from various parts of the world and formed friendships that endured throughout her life. The work of the school and its connection with the general educational system of Spain also called her more than once to Madrid, where she met some of the professors of the University and where she was enabled to broaden her acquaintance with the country in which she had chosen her home.

In her own improvised laboratory at San Sebastian she labored under discouragements that would have disheartened a soul less brave; she introduced advanced methods of teaching in her classes; inspiring her pupils with her own enthusiasm, she struggled, and toiled, and won. The success of her pupils and their love for nature and nature's God attest the value and the character of her instruction. It is a fitting thing that the laboratory where she spent her best efforts, and its still larger successor at the new school at Madrid should bear her name and carry to generations yet to come in her "beloved Spain" the fragrant memory of her devoted life.

The following extract from one of her home letters dated May 1888, gives an illustration of her habit of forgetting her personal feelings in her devotion to her work:

"I almost had a fit of homesickness to-night when Mr. and Mrs. John Gulick went away to be soon in America. I even meditated coming up to my room and weeping a little, but remembering that the papers in the presses had not been changed to-day, I thought I'd better attend to that before I indulged in melancholy. Of course the melancholy disappeared before the work was done, so you will be saved the tear blots."

Her influence with her pupils was through the medium of personal care and attention. She loved the young and would often call the smaller girls around her, and—such was her familiarity with the Spanish language—would read from such books as Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind," translating into Spanish as she read and introducing her running comments the while in the same language. Many are the students who came to her for personal help and advice in their daily religious life, and her whole influence in the school was one of sunshine and helpfulness amid all the perplexing and trying duties that came upon her. There is no question but that she drew too largely on her splendid stock of vitality in throwing herself thus forcibly and with unbounded enthusiasm into her work. It was thus the foundation of exhausted vitality made possible the entrance of the dread destroyer.

But it was her nature and her life to thus toil and carry on her work, and perhaps—God knows best—it may be that in this way His will was better done because she threw herself thus earnestly into her work. It may be the school was

kept on a surer footing amid all the struggles that came to it especially during the crisis attendant on the removal over the border to Biarritz at the outbreak of our war with Spain in 1898.

In 1900 Catharine went to London to attend the world's Christian Endeavor convention, taking with her three of her Spanish girls; after an additional week in Keswick she returned to Biarritz to prepare for the first Spanish Christian Endeavor convention at Zaragoza. While in England during the unusual heat of the convention week, she admitted to a friend that she was "tired," but with her usual cheerfulness she maintained that she would soon get rested. The Zaragoza days were days of intense responsibility, and the success of the meeting attested the hard labor she had given to it. At the convention she read a paper giving a brief history of the Endeavor movement in Spain, in which her zeal for the movement entirely concealed her own important relation to its development, a fact so characteristic of her own wholly unselfish nature. One who knew of this history, a graduate of the University of Madrid, wrote in his own language these touching words regarding this address:

"Era un solemne momento, cuando la señorita doña Catalina Barbour se levantó á leer la 'Breve historia del principio y desarrollo de las Sociedades de Esfuerzo Cristiano en España.' Era un momento de triunfo. En los días pasados había habido pacientes trabajos de propaganda y organización, luchas y oraciones, constante impulso saliendo de su pluma en una animosa correspondencia * * * pero todo esto ¡cómo fue contado! Palabras de agradecimiento para los que la habían ayudado, ligera mención de las dificultades y completo olvído de sí misma. Algunos podían

leer entre líneas la parte de la historia que la modestia ocultaba * * * y todos pudimos aplaudir."*

Her own account of this convention was printed in the *Christian Endeavor World* for September 20, 1900, and indicated a thoroughly successful meeting in the face of the fierce opposition of the state religion. Without doubt, this, her last work for the Christian Endeavor Society in Spain, had the effect to lay more deeply the foundations of Christian organization in that fair country so cursed by fanaticism. It is a pleasure to know that the Endeavorers throughout that country are contributing their mites for a memorial stone to be set in the walls of the new Instituto at Madrid.

On her return to work in the fall of 1900, her friends saw that Catharine was more than simply "tired," and insisted on sending her off to Osse for a rest, but it was only because new workers had come to reinforce the staff and older workers had returned to their posts, that she was persuaded to accept this forced vacation. But even the mountain air of her dearly loved Osse with all its freshness and all its happy associations could not bring back the spring to her footstep, even though her face had all its sunshine and her voice retained all its cheer. Her physician recommended her immediate return to America and she sailed from London in November, arriving in New York weary from her hard voyage on the fifth of December.

She had always counted herself trebly blessed, for while most have only one home and some have none, she had three, and to each of the three she was made welcome during the nine months she was still permitted to enjoy her friends. During this time she had the opportunity to see

* El Cristiano, XXXI., 286, 287, 6 Sept. 1900.

many of her old friends, and to visit for the first time in many years her childhood's home and the little country school-house where she commenced her life work as a teacher. She visited the little "God's Acre" at Canton Centre where her kindred lie buried, with little thought that in four brief months she would be called to follow them. Throughout all the summer she was "patient in tribulation" and "rejoicing in hope." She wrote to a friend late in the summer: "A happy year it has been in spite of this break in my life. God knows why this break was best, and I am satisfied"; and again, when still weaker, but surely with no real suspicion of what was coming: "Isn't it hard to have to begin over again? But God knows all about it, and I will trust Him though He slay me."

Fortunately she was not required to suffer severe pain at any time, for physical pain was to her even in the dreading of it a terrible ordeal—even the dentist's chair would be a dread to her for months before it had to be entered, and a story of human pain and suffering was always shunned in her reading. Truly her Father, in whose confidence she always rested for all things, was merciful in not requiring acute physical suffering. She gradually grew weaker and her strong heart that had sustained her through all the years, and that had never failed her in struggles without and within, gradually wore itself out in its rapid beating and on the afternoon of a peaceful September day her soul took its flight to the All-Father she had trusted so long. On a similar September day her loving friends bore all that was mortal to the little cemetery across the street from the church she had united with in childhood. Having always trusted to her Father's care, she had brought everything to Him. Her favorite verse: "All things work together for

good to them that love God" was to her a matter of every day trust, and this was one secret of Catharine's happy life. Thus in the most natural home-like way she influenced her friends to the same child-like trust. Even in the last letter she wrote—possibly the last thought she committed to paper—there was a precious legacy that exemplified her secret of life's grand success: "I am sure Our Father will guide you in the very best way—His own way."

A STUDENT AT MOUNT HOLYOKE

Professor Clara F. Stevens
Professor Henrietta E. Hooker

In these days when, with the many earnest devoted lives, one finds so many self-indulgent and frivolous, or restless and dissatisfied, it is a refreshment and a stimulus to dwell upon the beauty and strength of the life which has blessed and is blessing so many in our own country and in Spain.

Almost the first item on which my eyes fell as I glanced over the *Boston Transcript* one evening last September just after I returned from the summer in England, was the news of Catha Barbour's death. I had known of course of her serious illness, but had not dreamed that the end was near. Only a short time before sailing I received a cheery note from Catha, in which she expressed the hope that she might visit me here in the autumn. The news of her death was a shock and saddened me as few deaths have these last years. Usually I can be happy in the thought of the greater happiness in the new life for the one who has gone, but Catha was so needed and so loved her work that I could not repress the wish that we might have had her a little longer.

My acquaintance with Catha Barbour dates from her entrance to Mount Holyoke in September 1883. I came to know her well in the class room and in the family life. Whatever the subject under consideration she was always interested. Work like hers, accurate and thorough, and an unfailing interest like hers were a wonderful help to a young teacher. There are bright memories of Tuesday

evening readings which grew out of a class in ancient history. Catha would look up from her sewing with her brown eyes full of merriment, or without looking up she would laugh half to herself as in our wanderings through Egypt or Greece or Rome, we came upon some amusing character or some fresh confirmation of the fact that human nature is "pretty much of a muchness."

When Catha came back in 1895 for further work she was the same happy person, the same helpful friend, the same thorough student, and yet not the same. In the years from 1887 to 1894 her power to teach and control, her executive ability, her power to overcome obstacles and wrest from the most adverse conditions what served her purpose, had ample opportunity for development, and she returned from Spain greatly enriched.

It sometimes happens that one so earnest and unselfish has a touch of the "good" which antagonizes or repels some, but there was never the least indication of this in Catha Barbour; never any conviction of her own superiority, no sitting in judgment on others. Nor, on the contrary, was there the self-depreciation so paralyzing to the worker. Her's was a genuinely healthy nature. She was thoroughly sane and sensible, with a remarkably even disposition. She wasted no time in self-analysis, for there was work to be done. Catha kept always a beautiful simplicity and directness, a true humility, and a sunny hopeful spirit. A stranger meeting her but once must have felt her genuineness and sincerity. She was one to be trusted with a very absolute trust, faithful, reliable, giving herself only too generously to her work. One could always count upon her quick appreciation of the best, whether in literature, art, or life, her love of the highest, and her choice of it for herself

and for all she influenced. I believe that Catha thought much upon the things lovely and true and of good report so much that she had quick eyes for the good in human nature, but neither time nor thought for "the mean things about her path."

She had withal such joy in her work that it was her life, and I like to think that the more abundant life upon which she has entered is giving her larger opportunities for service and so a deeper and more abounding joy.

CLARA F. STEVENS

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH,
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE, February 26, 1902.

It is not easy to give in a few words any just conception of what Catha was during her Mount Holyoke life to those who knew her best; but it is a pleasure to think back to those days of which she was a part and to remember some of her characteristics. Her earnestness and faithfulness in the use of time and in the full accomplishment of her tasks were marked, but more marked was the glad enthusiasm with which everything was done; to her there was no drudgery.

Although eager to make the most of every opportunity, her notion of culture was too broad to allow her to be a mere book-worm and she was ever alert for recreation and fun and ingenious in devices for securing them.

A born nature lover and a careful observer, she learned the nooks where treasures were to be found and her window was a storehouse for the earliest spring blossoms and the belated autumn ones.

She knew enough of the way of sorrow and the path out into light to be a comfort to those in trouble and had

the tact for speaking the word in season that many envied.

Her's was a consecrated life, and duty, which meant to her God's will and leading, was no cold and impelling force but a way of great blessedness whithersoever it lead. Her face said it, the acts of her life said it. She was one of those who stopped to smooth a rug or put a stray article in place. She did it naturally, not because it was assigned her, but her work, because no one else did it. It was "the next thing," the next "God's will," and so it was that she gave her life to Spain. A very different type of work from what she had expected to do but believing that there she was needed most—*this settled it*, there was never a question more, and I do not believe she ever regretted the choice or that it was a mistake. It was in the fulness of completed work that she entered into rest, rich in the love of those to whom she had been an inspiration toward true living.

HENRIETTA E. HOOKER

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY,
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

HER WORK FOR SPAIN

Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick
Anna F. Webb
Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D.
Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

Your plan is a beautiful one and will help the friends in America to understand Catharine's devotion to her chosen work and the appreciation of those who know her. It is difficult for me to put myself into the right attitude for a just description of my own feelings. I cannot realize that she is gone. For years I have thought of her as the one likely to be here when the rest of us who welcomed her first should have passed away.

Catharine was always in earnest and enthusiastic. When she first arrived in San Sebastian, we studied Spanish together and my dictionary is marked on many pages with long lists of words she chose to commit to memory day by day. Lack of words at the very beginning did not hinder her from sharing actively in work. If she could not talk, she could walk, and so she carried off the girls to the hills covered with flowers and ferns and implanted in their hearts a love for nature which they had never known. Within a year class room work had formally commenced, and no girls ever came under that earnest search for truth who were not forever changed for the better. Lack of proper apparatus for scientific work was a great hindrance to progress in special investigation, but Catharine was undaunted and pursued her studies it seems to the very end. She was at work on the translation of a suitable text-book in botany the last weeks of her life. Had she lived and been favored with a suitable laboratory and the right conditions for work,

I believe that Catharine would have become eminent in science.

The characteristic enthusiasm of her nature was carried into all departments of work. In an institution like this where precedents are to be established and an atmosphere formed into which new comers are to be admitted each year, finding the right conditions for moral social and intellectual development, a strong forceful influence is invaluable. This it was Catharine's privilege to exert. Consciously and unconsciously she proved that she taught only that which she could and would practice. The special meetings in her own room with the girls of her division or "section" are remembered by many who are now out in the world at work.

In the memorial number of the Spanish Christian Endeavor journal (*Esfuerzo Cristiano*) are valuable tributes from the absent graduates. In more than one letter received, the writer refers to a frequent expression used by Catharine: "Let everything be done decently and in order."

Those who have known her and are now here are deeply moved by this strange providence in the taking away of a loved teacher when she seemed so absolutely necessary and so well fitted by twelve years of experience to help at this critical time.

A memorial service was held October twelfth in the large parlor of the Institute. Only those connected with the work of the Institute were invited. My son Frederic played Chopin's Funeral March and we sang some of Catharine's favorite hymns which we know in English so well and have sung so many times. "More Love to Thee oh Christ" and "Nearer my God to Thee" have become dear to the Spanish girls who sing the same melodies, but

the words have been translated into harmonious Castillian verse.

Catharine's face was before us, adorned with laurel, but the tender tributes read by professors and students, class by class, forced upon us the sad, sad thought that we should never see that face on earth again. How she would have rejoiced to know that at last we have purchased land in Madrid and that in God's time we shall have the necessary buildings also! Instead of her presence we shall have a "Memorial room." Instead of her willing hands and feet and warm sympathy we must only recall past loving service which, however, is not yet ended for "her works do follow her" and she lives enshrined in the hearts of those for whom she lived—and died.

ALICE GORDON GULICK
(*Instituto Internacional*)

BIARRITZ, FRANCE,
November 27, 1901.

"I have received a letter from the United Society of Christian Endeavor in Boston telling me that I have been appointed superintendent of Christian Endeavor work in Spain, and if so I must do something at once," were the words Catharine said one day as she looked up from reading a letter. And they are characteristic of her beautiful life. If there was a duty to perform, her soul was set to the accomplishment of the task, and "at once." At the same time it was no perfunctory fulfilment of obligations, for in everything she undertook she threw her whole self into it, with energy, enthusiasm, and enjoyment. An oft-recurring phrase on her lips was, "I want to be a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'"

Up to the time when Catharine was appointed to this office, she had been an active worker in the society at the Instituto Internacional founded by Mrs. Gulick, but no distinctively Christian Endeavor societies had been formed outside. Catharine now took up the work in earnest, sending for Christian Endeavor literature, translating and distributing it among the different mission stations in the north of Spain, and to our alumnæ scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. But more and better results were accomplished by her earnest letters, every line alive with fervent appeals to the Christian young people to rally to the assistance of their beloved country, and every word instinct with enthusiasm courage and pledged help.

Although, as is natural, there was opposition to be met and obstacles to be overcome, her courage never flagged for one instant, and her persistent cheerful confidence in ultimate success inspired and assured us all. In a very short time societies began to spring up all around, and the joy that came to her in the summer of 1897 was fully merited. At the International Convention of Christian Endeavor held that year, the banner for the greatest proportional increase in Junior Endeavor societies was awarded to Spain! Great was the welcome it received, and Catharine took it to all the cities and towns in the north of Spain where, principally through her efforts, these societies had been established. In our mission chapels before large audiences or in the small dark and low-ceiled rooms of the humbler village Protestants she would tell the history of the Endeavor work in all countries, what it had done, and what it would accomplish for the church. She would carefully explain to the adults the meaning of the banner, and lift

the little ones in her arms so that they might better see and handle the society badges of which the large banner was composed. And all the while her winning smile and her contagious enthusiasm spoke more than words for the cause she loved.

Within a few years the growth of societies in Spain was considered great enough to warrant our first National Convention. It was felt that this would be a great help and stimulus not only to the Endeavor cause, but also to all Spanish evangelical work. The planning and preparation for this convention in Zaragoza occupied many busy happy hours of the last months of her life in Spain. Indeed, it seemed to be the culmination of her hope and prayers for many years past. And it was practically her last work for her adopted country, for only a short time afterwards it was thought best for her to return to America.

In connection with the Endeavor Society, Catharine began another undertaking which from a grain of mustard seed has indeed become a great tree in our Protestant mission work. One year in the San Sebastian society she was elected chairman of the Good Literature Committee. Her characteristic energy was immediately seen in her desire to be faithful in this new duty. The many former pupils of our Institute were scattered throughout Spain with widely differing occupations. Most could receive little help or encouragement in their Christian life from their surroundings and all remembered their school home with love and longing. It occurred to Catharine to prepare in her committee a letter each month, giving items of interest about the life at the Institute, extracts from letters of former students and occasionally words of help and advice. Hectograph copies were taken off and sent to the alumnæ. These

were received with enthusiasm and little by little the sheet grew larger. Then it was printed as the demand was greater. When once a small paper was established it was easy to write other items for it and translate helpful articles from our English and American periodicals. So it grew together with the Christian Endeavor work in Spain. At the same time came a louder demand from these societies for help in conducting, and it was thought advisable, as most of the recipients of the little paper were interested in this movement, to add a few pages of helps on the prayer meeting topics and still other pages of Sunday-school notes. But other societies and organizations, not formed by our alumnæ, were now interested in receiving these sheets, and in time the hectograph letter became an established religious Spanish newspaper with the title of *Esfuerzo Cristiano.* Each year it is improving and daily is its influence for good increasing.

"She hath done what she could," and surely this has been much. It seems as if her every undertaking had been richly blessed, and how could it be otherwise when every act was strengthened by a triple cord of prayer, faith, and love? We cannot longer hear her dear voice but we feel her presence with us yet, and her words have so impressed themselves on the characters of all those with whom she has come in contact, that the influence of her noble life will ever live and bear fruit a hundred fold.

ANNA F. WEBB.
(*Instituto Internacional*)

BIARRITZ, FRANCE,
January 15, 1902.

When Miss Barbour sailed to join the Mission in Spain, fifteen years ago, coming as she did from an excellent Christian home and with fine intellectual qualifications, winsome manners, and full of missionary zeal, her friends predicted that she would make for herself a splendid record. The results of these years so full of faithful and successful service have fully confirmed the favorable opinion which her friends had formed of her.

It has been my privilege, during the fifteen years since I became an officer of the American Board, to know personally almost every missionary now connected with this venerable missionary organization, and in my opinion Miss Barbour deserves a place in the foremost rank of the lady missionaries who have won for themselves, in noble service, the title of missionary heroines. There is no chapter in missionary annals more fascinating than the story of self-sacrifice and noble service which has been rendered by consecrated women connected with our Foreign Boards since the year 1812, when Mrs. Harriet Newell and Mrs. Ann Judson sailed for India. In this list of faithful missionaries belongs the name of Catharine Hayden Barbour, the value of whose services in Spain will not be fully appreciated until the records which the angels keep are read.

It is the testimony of those that knew her during her student days at Mount Holyoke, that this quiet and beautiful young woman who was at that time an excellent student would in all probability make for herself an enviable record. When her Christian life began to develop and the needs of the foreign field were presented to her, she at once decided that her life would count for more in the work of building up the kingdom of God in some foreign land rather than in her own country, where the people already were

well supplied with religious privileges. It was this spirit which prompted her to become the associate of that queenly woman, Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, in the work of building up a Woman's College, which should, under God, be the means of blessing the coming teachers and mothers of Spain. The work in detail which Miss Barbour was permitted to do during those busy years will be told by those who are more familiar with it than myself. It has come to me, however, from several sources that she acquired the language very quickly and was able to use it fluently and accurately, which gave her a decided advantage in her contact with the people.

After spending several years in devoted service in connection with the Institute in San Sebastian while taking a much-needed vacation in this country, she took advantage of her opportunity for graduate study in Mount Holyoke, not so much for her own gratification, although she was very fond of intellectual pursuits, but that she might be the better fitted to do the best possible work in the foremost institution for young women in Spain. All of her powers, as her associates, pupils and other friends so well knew, were consecrated to the one work of building up the kingdom of Christ in Spain. She took a personal interest in every pupil who came under her care, and her sympathies and influences went far beyond the bounds of the institution where she was professor.

In my interviews with her I could not but note how deeply interested she was in the people of Spain, and how solicitous during those days when the war seemed inevitable, that the people of this country should not misjudge the people of Spain whom she had so fully taken into her heart. She did not wish the people, as a whole, to be held respon-

sible for what had been done by a few politicians and others in authority. She believed in the people of that country and was especially anxious that a great nation like ours, claiming to be Christian, should deal justly by them. My impression is that she heartily concurred in the results which were finally reached by the war, but in some of the steps which led up to it her spirit was greatly tried.

When it became evident that a fatal disease had fastened itself upon her, and it was my privilege to welcome her upon her arrival home, there seemed no shadow for her, but the same quiet serene spirit which had characterized her from her girlhood, ready to say: "Not my will, but Thy will be done." A life such as hers, wholly given up to the service of her Divine Master, having for her one object the bringing of the young women of Spain into a higher intellectual life, yea more, "into the life which is life indeed," should be an inspiration to the young women of our land now connected with colleges and seminaries, who are wondering what they shall do with their lives.

"In the clear morning of that other country,
In Paradise,
With the same face that we have loved and cherished,
She shall arise!
Let us be patient, we who mourn, with weeping,
Some vanished face,
The Lord has taken, but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.

"And we shall find once more, beyond earth's sorrows,
Beyond these skies,
In the fair city of the 'sure foundations,'
Those heavenly eyes,

With the same welcome shining through their sweetness
That met us here—
Eyes, from whose beauty God has banished weeping
And wiped away the tear."

C. C. CREEGAN
(*District Secretary American Board of Missions*)

I am very glad to add my tribute to the worth of Miss Barbour, for there is no one whom I esteem more happily. There is no one in foreign lands who has done more for the Christian Endeavor Society than she has. Her interest has not only been untiring but most intelligent, and her work for the cause has been exceedingly useful. I shall never forget her energy at the meeting at Saragossa. What a splendid reward must hers be! Her life though comparatively short was so packed with great deeds.

FRANCIS E. CLARK
(*President United Society of Christian Endeavor*)

A BELOVED FRIEND

BITS FROM
THE "BUDGET LETTERS"

Caroline M. Telford
Arma Anna Smith
Martha Clark Pedley
Mary Perle Anderson

Among the many pleasures and blessings of my life at Mount Holyoke, was the acquaintance, which afterwards ripened into a strong friendship, with a circle, who have kept in close touch with each other since by means of a circulating budget, and therefore have called themselves the "Budget Circle."

One of that circle of five was our beloved Catharine Barbour, a sweet strong character, always the same, quiet and unassuming, unselfish, thoughtful, tender and sympathetic, winning the love of all who knew her, and leaving happy memories wherever her life touched others.

Though fourteen years have passed since seeing her, her face with its sweet smile and the merry twinkle of the eye is still fresh in memory.

One came to know her best in the little quiet talks at Sabbath twilight, when by a few words of sympathy or encouragement or a bit of her own experience she led one to higher aspirations and greater faith; or on a tramp to some of the favorite places where the wild flowers grow; such an appreciative lover of nature was she, that one seemed to gain a clearer view of her own lovely nature at such times.

I well remember when she had received her "call" to Spain and had decided to go that she gathered the circle together and told us of the joy that was set before her, while we rejoiced with her. Then she took us to her room to meet Mrs. Gulick and hear her tell about the school and

those dear Spanish girls whom Catharine has loved ever since. An interested group it was thus seated on the floor at Mrs. Gulick's feet, anticipating great things for our Catharine, and truly she has accomplished great things.

During all these intervening years, her letters have been of greatest interest and help. Always giving such vivid descriptions, whether telling of the needs of the school; or of the work of preparing the girls for those severe government examinations and piloting them through; or of a few days snatched away and spent in some lovely mountain retreat for much-needed rest; or of some tour in behalf of her beloved "C. E." work; or of gathering with others for some special season of spiritual refreshment; or of that flight into France;—whatever the topic there was always that characteristic cheeriness and enthusiasm that was an inspiration and help to the readers. No matter how weary or overburdened, she never wrote of her trials. She had the grace to turn her clouds inside out and show the "silver lining."

While our hearts grieve over our loss still we can but rejoice for her, that she has been promoted from faithful service here to higher service in the very presence of Him to whom her life was devoted. She still lives in sweet memories here and is one more link to make heaven a more blessed reality.

CAROLINE M. TELFORD

PORT BYRON, N. Y.,
March 1902.

It was said of another earnest worker "for Christ and the church" who has recently been called to higher service: "What she did, she did sweetly." Surely this is equally true of Catha Barbour.

Others knew much more of Catharine's splendid service for her Master in Spain, and have paid fitting tributes to it in this memorial, but as different incidents of our eighteen years of friendship have come to my mind during the months since God called her home, I have been specially impressed with the "beauty of holiness" that she revealed as classmate, room-mate, traveling companion, and in other close relations. How often those who think they have a great mission to fulfil feel themselves excused from exercising the thoughtfulness, kindness, and unselfishness that mean so much in everyday life. Yet it was in just these situations, presenting special temptations to selfishness and fretfulness, that the combined strength and sweetness of Catha's character were especially in evidence.

No one could know Catha long without realizing the unusual depth and breadth of her friendliness. She was always ready to go more than half way in forming a friendship, and when it was formed she was loyal to all that it involved. One of my earliest recollections of our acquaintance at Mount Holyoke is of the evidences of her devotion to her own family and her fondness for children. There was no pleasure that she was not willing to forego in order to minister to a room-mate or other friend in illness or in trouble. It was a special grief to her to feel that any of her friends misjudged or failed to appreciate any of her other friends, and she made every effort to bring about a mutual understanding and appreciation. Intense as was her loyalty to old friendships, it never stood in the way of forming new ones. It was characteristic of her that each autumn term at Mount Holyoke she took the names of the new students "as a third study" not being satisfied until she knew the name of every one of the more than three hun-

dred girls in the dining-room, and learning the name was only a stepping-stone to a closer acquaintance. Her long list of addresses, embarrassing to her family after she had gone, was another indication of the breadth of her friendliness.

Other striking and lovable characteristics were her genuineness, simplicity, and joyousness. The intensity of her religious life never hindered her enjoyment of good times but rather aided it. At the beginning of our acquaintance she occupied a room, with two companions, adjoining my own, and while study hour was kept conscientiously quiet, the merry laughter that sounded through the partition in recreation hours told of the merriest times. When she returned to the college in '95 for her degree, and a kind Providence had called me there for the same term bringing us together again as room-mates, the same delight in simple helpful pleasures showed itself. What efforts she made to get acquainted with the girls! How heartily she entered into the public entertainments, and with what enthusiasm she proposed and entered into plans for Spanish chocolate and Turkish coffee parties in our little room! At the same time she eagerly availed herself of every opportunity to interest others in her Spanish school and her beloved pupils. With her this frequent introduction of her favorite subject never became obtrusive, as is so often the case, because she so completely lost sight of self in devotion to her work. In the midst of hard study her odd moments were spent writing letters of cheer and inspiration to her Spanish girls. She wrote unusually fast for so fine a penman, and her pen apparently sped over the pages with as great ease in her Spanish letters as when she was using her own language.

That happy journey together from Zurich to Genoa was made doubly blessed by Catha's love for nature and art.

Since those hours with her on the Rigi, at Chamouni, and crossing the Simplon Pass, those words, "Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount," have had a new meaning for me. I remember especially the delight with which she picked a rare alpine flower at the side of the Mer-de-Glace, preserving it with great difficulty for her cherished herbarium. As we returned from our days' trips so exhausted that the other member of the party cared for nothing but rest, Catha gave no thought to rest until the plants she had gathered with so much care were put into the press, and if possible identified. Her work in gathering and preserving botanical specimens was not simply for her own school, but at different times she prepared collections of Spanish plants, at least for the American College for Girls at Constantinople, Kobe College, and Mount Holyoke. How much time and hard work this involved only those who have prepared herbaria can realize.

The same marvelous industry and thoughtfulness were shown in the many little gifts that she found time to send to her friends at Christmas and at other seasons in the midst of most fatiguing school work. How much those Spanish souvenirs mean to us now, as well as the precious letters written amidst pressing cares! Both her love of the beautiful and her loyalty to her friends were shown when in the midst of her intense enjoyment of the cathedral and paintings at Milan, she wrote expressing the deepest thankfulness to Miss Blanchard for having taught her to appreciate the excellencies in art.

Catha's personal religious life was "hid with Christ in God," and of that she would not have us speak if we could. We know something of its effect upon her character. We

know how conscientiously she used the morning and evening "half hour" in the old seminary days, not to avoid breaking a rule, but as a means of spiritual growth; and we know how gladly she kept up the habit when she came back to the college for her degree, no longer under rules. To her surely are applicable the words applied to another by a recent author: "Hers was the power of one who sees with open eyes the unseen, and loves to the forgetting of self those for whom the Infinite love poured itself out in death."

ARMA ANNA SMITH.

WEST CAMDEN, N. Y.,
March 1902.

How is it possible to put into a few words one's estimate of a friend of eighteen years standing!

We entered Mount Holyoke together in the then large "Junior class" in the fall of '83, and soon found ourselves struggling side by side over Olney's University Algebra, with Miss Stevens and later with Miss Hooker as inspiring professor. But we really began to get acquainted when at the end of the three weeks of trial we were placed as two of the three juniors at Miss Hooker's table in the far corner of the old dining room to wait upon the table. That was the beginning of a friendship which has ripened and sweetened as the years have gone by.

From that time on, Catha was a leader in walks and rambles, beguiling the way with some piquant story illuminated by the sparkle of her bright brown eyes, or with the discussion of some of the more sober problems that were being constantly presented to us. She was a hater of shams, but appreciated and brought out the *best* that was to be found in others.

Catha Barbour was a "Student Volunteer" for missionary service before that organization came into being. She was one of the little band bound together by a pledge similar to that of the volunteers, which used to meet on Sunday afternoons in one of the recitation rooms. She was also one of a still smaller circle who used to meet on Saturday evenings for a half hour to study the history and geography of mission lands.

As she went on in her course she became greatly interested in botany and zoology and devoted many spare hours to these subjects. She was an enthusiastic member of the Biology Club which met occasionally on Saturday afternoons and contributed in no small degree to its success.

The direct call to missionary service came to both of us at about the same time. She considered the subject in all its bearings with the same practical good sense, and when once the decision was made, entered upon preparations for her new work with the same enthusiasm that characterized all her life and work. We parted not to meet again in October 1887, she to go to the West by traveling east, and I to go to the East by traveling west.

Her letters during all these years even down to the last were full of hope and good cheer, rich with the fragrance of field and forest and overflowing with enthusiasm and devotion for the work to which she so freely gave her very heart's life.

MARTHA CLARK PEDLEY.

MAEBASHI, JAPAN,
March 1902.

It was at the close of a bright day in early September in the year 1883. The sun had just gone down leaving a golden glow above the mountains, and Mt. Tom and all his

line of noble followers were throwing long purple shadows over the wide green valley of the peaceful Connecticut.

Two trains, one steaming down the valley from the north, and one up the valley from the south, met and stopped at the little station at "The Ferry." From each, came a long line of girls who trooped down to the quaint old ferry-boat that was to take them across the river to the barges waiting on the other side. There were girls and girls. Some were weary with a long journey, others had come only from a neighboring town; some returning from vacation were welcoming each other with eager joy; others looking silently and curiously for the first time upon the mountains, the river, and the happy greetings of other girls, with a queer left-out feeling, were already experiencing the first sensations of home-sickness.

I turned to look for Martha, dear Martha Clark whom I had never seen till three o'clock that self-same day, yet we were old friends now. Had we not always lived in the Green Mountain state, she on its eastern border, and I in its northwest corner? And were we not so full of enthusiasm over going to Mount Holyoke, that the fact became mutually apparent within five minutes from the time we entered the same car at the Junction? But Martha Clark was the fortunate charge of some senior girls from her native village, and they had taken full possession of her.

So I stood gazing at the thinning trail of smoke left by the train which at that moment seemed the only connection between the past and the present, when turning suddenly, I met the full gaze of a pair of sunshiny brown eyes, looking out from a sunshiny face, framed with sunshiny brown hair that the wind loved to toy with, just to see the waving locks curl up again. The owner of the brown eyes smiled,

and we were friends. From that hour, the sunshine of Catharine Barbour's life has never ceased to gladden and enrich my own.

The next day, because our last names began with A, B and C, we found ourselves, Martha, Catharine, and I, in the same "section," and common interests and congenial tastes drew us more and more together. Within a week, a fourth girl, Arma Smith, from central New York, was often with us. For two years we remained a happy quartette, and at the end of that time became an even happier quintette.

It was another September day, when in the cheerful frame of mind of the returning junior, I spied a "new girl" half-way down the car. Just how one recognizes a "new girl" two hundred miles from the college towards which both are journeying, is not easily explained. However, before we reached our destination, with the prerogative of a junior I had invited Caroline Telford to room with me. With conflicting emotions, for I learned at a later date that she had been carefully warned by a kind sister against rashly accepting such an invitation from any impulsive girl whom she might meet on the train, Caroline hesitatingly accepted. She was at once adopted by the rest of the four, and thus was added to our number, the last of the "Budget-girls."

But we were not "Budget-girls" in those days. We were just school-girls under one roof, and with no need of a "Budget." It was a unique friendship—five friends who were always happy together, five girls who never quarreled, or hurt each others' feelings, or suffered a pang of jealousy. It was all so natural and spontaneous that at the time we never realized what good friends we were. We never

formed ourselves into a club or society, or had so much as a pin or a badge to cumber the natural development of a friendship that has proven a treasure beyond all price in the life of each one of us.

Sometimes two or even three of us roomed together; again circumstances were such that we were all separated. Then home duties began to interfere with school duties, and as a result, no two of us graduated the same year. Letters came and were passed on from one to another, and it was not till we were all widely separated—Catharine in Spain, Arma in Turkey, Martha and Caroline in Japan, and I the only one in the home country, that Catharine made this suggestion:

APRIL 1, 1891.

"I think we ought to have a general letter, perhaps going from one to the other all the time. Please suggest a definite plan, and I'll do my share in carrying it out."

Then it was that Arma, the methodical, sent out a letter on the first day of every month until they began to return to her again; and when they returned they were no longer letters, but "Budgets," and as "Budgets," they have continually been going from that time. There were three original ones—"Faith," "Hope," and "Charity." "Hope" and "Charity" were lost long since, and their places have been filled by "Florella" and "Elinor"—named for Martha's two little girls. But "Faith" lives on, and is just starting on her twenty-ninth long journey. Her register shows that she has made twenty-five trips to Japan, almost as many to Spain, that she has several times been in Turkey, has visited nearly all the countries of Europe, and that she has entirely compassed the globe on not a few of these trips.

Each takes out the letter of the person to whom the "Budget" is to be forwarded, and as it has usually been my privilege to send to Catharine, her letters are in my possession. There is a large number of them, all—except those of the last few years which are typewritten—in her own peculiarly neat and clear handwriting. From these I have selected here and there brief passages that reveal some trait of character, or show some phase of growth or develment. Catharine so generously shared with us her holiday and vacation trips, sympathized so deeply in all our joys and sorrows, and wrote so fully of her work and that of the school, that the lines about herself are few and scattering. For that reason, it seems almost an injustice to select and hold them up as at all typical of the long delightful letters that have been such a joy and inspiration to us.

It would seem appropriate to preface these "bits from the budget-letters" with the following quotations which I find among my papers. They are in Catharine's familiar handwriting, and were sent to me with many others during the winter of her senior year at Mount Holyoke. They show the trend of her thought at that time, and seem at once a prophecy and its fulfillment.

"DEC. 12, 1887.

"We are placed here to do something. It is for us, and not for others, to find out what that something is, and then with all the energy of which we are capable, honestly and prayerfully to be gone about our business."

"FEB. 23, 1887.

"I am going to take some more of Dr. Laurie's words from my little note-book for you. They are suggestions from I. Thes. 5 : 24,—'Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.'

"It is a joy to think how thorough is the work that Christ carries on in the hearts which are His. He is in no hurry; He will make a perfect work in which the Father Himself will find no flaw; He has the power and He will do it;—He does not say 'Perhaps,' or 'I will see,' but 'I will do it.'"

"My faith and obedience are as defective as my acts; but they are a part of God's work in me, and though as yet incomplete, they are wrought by One who will complete His work. We must look for what will be, rather than for what is,—as we would look at the springing wheat."

"You have a Saviour who provides for you not only to-day, but for your whole future life. God is leading you toward the goal, and nothing can hinder you from reaching it."

It was in June of the year 1887 that Catharine graduated, and two weeks later, the following letter was received:

CANTON CENTRE, July 15, 1887.

It seems like such a long, long time since I saw you girls, that I can hardly look back to it, and sometimes I feel as if our rooming together were only a happy dream.

Did you know what a dear lovely thing those Seniors were doing in those last days? I never suspected it until —— came running out with that envelope, while I was waiting in the stage. When I opened it, I found the kindest little note and —— dollars from the class. It was so good of them. I felt like writing to thank every one, but decided to wait until after I reach my work and have something to write about.

You know, of course, that we went to the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention at Saratoga. It was just a grand meeting—I never saw anything like it! Two thousand earnest, enthu-

siastic young Christians meeting together to talk over Christian work was enough to inspire anyone. I can't begin to tell you anything about the enthusiasm of the meetings. To tell the truth, while I have believed that the Endeavor societies were a grand thing, and doing a great deal of good, I thought there was little use in my joining, when in school so much, and at home so little. But when the society at home learned that I was going to this meeting, they appointed me a delegate. So then I joined the society, and I am so thankful for it all. One thing fairly took my breath away—the Connecticut delegates made me a life member of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and commissioned me to carry the report of this conference to the society in San Sebastian. Oh, girls! Do you suppose that I shall disappoint everybody after all this?

(The next December, Catharine sailed for Spain. All the following letters were written from San Sebastian unless otherwise stated.)

JAN. 23, 1888.

I suppose that you have been thinking of me for the last three weeks as settled down in school, and already quite proficient in the Spanish language. Then let me tell you that you have been all wrong in your "castles in Spain," for I did not enter this sunny (?) land till last Saturday afternoon—five weeks from the day on which the *Aurania* sailed out of New York.

Yes, I had three whole weeks in London, and I assure you that the opportunity was as rare as it was unexpected.

We finally reached San Sebastian at two o'clock last Saturday, and found a warm welcome awaiting us. Fancy being kissed on both cheeks by thirty girls, one after an-

other. They are bright-looking girls, more attractive than I expected, and I long to be able to talk with them and teach them. But Mrs. Gulick will not let me do a thing until my cold is well, and I am rested from the journey, and settled in my own room. That is the kind of beginning I am making, else you would not get this long letter this morning. It is a good beginning in the lesson of patience, I suppose.

The girls put primroses and maidenhair fern and other flowers in my room which they had picked out of doors.

I've not heard one word from Martha yet, but Arma says that a letter is on the way. I shall think of you next Sunday in the M. H. M. A., and shall know that you are praying for us. And the thought of the prayers is such a comfort.

MARCH 17, 1888.

I am just now feeling that I ought to talk Spanish more, and am trying to do so. On Thursday, I resolved not to speak English at all during the day, except in my classes,—and I kept the resolve, too, only forgetting twice for a moment. Mrs. Gulick said if I spoke only Spanish that they would not hear much from me; so of course, I then felt bound to talk a great deal, and did so after a fashion. But, oh, it was worse than "silent hours"! I felt as if I were bound by a chain, and I assure you that I was glad to return to my mother-tongue the next day. Mr. Gulick laughs at my mistakes,—don't you think that is unkind? What does it matter if I do say that my "head is covered with onions"; that "a horse knocked at the door"; and that when the girls are noisy, I will "put them through a strainer"? Any one might say such things when words are so nearly alike as "cebollos"—onions, and "cabellos"—hair; "caballo"

—horse, and "caballero"—gentleman; "calmar"—hush, and "calar"—strain.

MAY 18, 1888.

I need often to be reminded that "if I want to help people, I must love them"; and also that "I ought to, and can love everybody." I get lonely sometimes, but have not been away from you all long enough yet to care very much to make new friends, and that isn't quite right, is it?

JAN. 15, 1889.

I hardly know where to begin to tell you of things and events, because there have been so many during the past few weeks. Of course, you must hear about my first Christmas in Spain, but I hardly know where that begins, as I think little Bessie was about right when she said, "Just think, this is the last day of Christmas, and New Year begins to-morrow!"

Vacation began the Tuesday before Christmas, and on the same day, Pedro began putting up the greens. He used a kind of laurel with larger and less glossy leaves than ours,—twisting the twigs and small branches about a cord, and thus making long ropes which he twined and festooned about the pillars and on the walls, till the bare school-room and chapel were quite transformed. Just imagine going into the woods and gathering holly and mistletoe to help in the decorations,—to say nothing of gathering wild flowers in large quantities on New Year's day!

We had a Christmas tree, and when it was lighted, and the curtain drawn away, I wish you could have seen the delight of everybody, for the Christmas-tree is not an indigenous species in Spain. To be sure this was the same old tree as last year, which had been growing in the washer-

woman's yard since last Christmas, and has now gone back there to grow until another Christmas,—and trimmed with the same paper ribbons and flowers and bells and stars that have done duty for several years. But one of the deacons said that it was prettier than last year, so there must be progress somewhere.

JUNE 9, 1889.

I believe that the Seminary, especially on Sundays, is a sort of little heaven, or at least that it has a spiritual atmosphere, which one misses anywhere else. Sometimes I fear that I'm quite forgetting that our mission is a spiritual one, and that I'm going over entirely to arithmetic and spelling and grammar and botany. If it were not for my Sunday-school class and daily Bible-class, I don't know what would become of me, but the children's questions help to keep me in the right way.

SEPT. 21, 1889.

I now have all of the arithmetic classes,—three in Spanish and the same in English—and am trying to explain the mysteries of quantity and number and units and systems of notation in such a way as not to make an easy thing difficult. To do it in Spanish is not altogether easy, but I enjoy it, and it is good for the girls to be obliged to *think*, —something which they are not at all inclined to do, though they will commit to memory by the page with little effort. They are interesting girls to teach, in fact they are dear girls in every way, and I do long to know how to help them more. I also have two English classes, and the care of the English Department.

Miss Beckwith has come to study Spanish and to help in the teaching. She has a little bed-room next mine, and

we share the same sitting-room, so it seems quite like having a room-mate again. You don't know how good it is to have a real American girl to talk with and walk with. I had a taste of it during the summer when Miss Anna Webb, a Wellesley graduate, was here studying Spanish. We had delightful times together, and I was very sorry to have her go away.

DEC. 31, 1889.

The English Department has out-grown my sitting-room, so we now have a nice little school-room which was formerly used for the Kindergarten. Now that I have my flock of fourteen together, it seems something like old times in the district-school, though it is pleasanter in most respects than that was.

Mrs. Gulick's absence was rather trying, although things went on much better than I expected. It did not give me so much more actual work or care, but I had all the time that dreadful feeling of responsibility which I don't like. When I have some real worries or cares, these imaginary ones will cease to trouble me, but in lieu of anything else, I must pet the fancied ones. I was quite amused, Mollie, over your remarks in regard to the comparative size of your field and mine. Isn't it funny how we always look on each others' lives,—so differently from the way of the one who is doing the living?

MARCH 10, 1890.

The day-school is in fine condition now. I am teaching English to the older ones and enjoy it very much, as they do also. They can count perfectly, recite the Lord's prayer, also a few poems, do mental addition, and give a good many words and phrases. They are too small to study

the language to much profit, so all they learn is in the half-hour that I am with them. Some of them are so dear and pretty that I want to kiss them after the recitation. All the little boys wear aprons, while the little girls do not,—quite the reverse of the home rule.

I thought I had been busy before this, but it seems to me that I never knew what the word meant until this year.

APRIL 26, 1890.

I suppose that it must be partly my own fault, but I seem to find it very difficult to have any systematic division of my day now, and I agree with George Macdonald that "Life consists principally of interruptions." However, I enjoy the sense of being of some use at the present moment.

Miss Webb is here, and you don't know what a comfort it is. She is learning the language, and getting into the care and responsibility just as fast as she can, and I do not feel so weighted down by care as before she came. Things go on much better in Mrs. Gulick's absence than I expected, showing how well she has laid the foundations. Teachers, girls and servants seem trying their best to satisfy my ambition that everything shall be just as if Mrs. Gulick were here. We are to have several new pupils, and one new Spanish teacher, and you know how I always dread the new of any kind.

Have you enjoyed Professor Drummond's sermon on love? It has been a real feast to me, for I need such things in order to keep growing in the spiritual life. They make me realize how much I miss the seminary Sundays, and the talks with you girls, and the helpful books, and the morning talks at devotions. Do pray for me very often that I may not be more interested in the intellectual than in the

spiritual life of these girls, and that I may be guided into the right way of promoting it. They are dear girls, and their simple, earnest faith is often a rebuke to my own.

"APRIL 1, 1891.

"Yes, we have wild-flowers all the year round of one kind or another, and now they are at their best. I must tell you of our Easter decorations. On the organ and pulpit, were banks of a beautiful purple flower with its own rich green leaves,—a flower that much resembles a hyacinth—and on the tables was a lovely basket of large wood-anemones. Twined about the tables, and suspended from the gas-fixtures, were ropes of primroses, or of English daisies. The entire effect was beautiful, and everything was made of wild-flowers."

DEC. 21, 1892.

I have mailed you each a photograph of our sitting-room for Christmas. But you must never show these pictures to people who think missionaries should never have pleasant things in their surroundings. Anna and I have had so many pretty things given us that our room is just a pleasant reminder of many kind friends. The girls enjoy it, and also the other teachers, so we feel that its prettiness gives pleasure to others as well as ourselves.

I don't feel that I'm "growing in grace" one bit, and I'm afraid that I'm going ahead like the cray-fish,—backwards.

JULY 30, 1893.

Have you any real heart-friends where you are now? I sometimes think it is not so easy to make them as we grow older. But I am thankful that we live in the days of let-

ters and cheap postage, so we can keep up the old friendships, even though separated so long.

MARCH 28, 1894.

Our poor suffering Caroline! We can only be glad for her that our Father will soon call her up higher to better service for Him, but it is hard to let her go, and harder still to have her go by such suffering. And we can do nothing for her except to pray to the dear Father who loves us all so tenderly. Yet death itself does not seem sad to me. Perhaps it is because I have so many, many loved ones on the other side, and they really seem nearer to me than those in America.

(But after many weary months of suffering, Caroline was given back to us, and still blesses the earth with her living presence. In the budget-letter that came to us after Catharine's home-going, the last but one of the budgets that brought the full number of letters, Catharine repeats almost the same words.)

BOSTON, July 14, 1895.

The Convention! it's indescribable, and the *Golden Rule* will give you full accounts. Just the sight of such immense companies of young and enthusiastic Christians is an inspiration. The addresses are so fine that it is impossible to select any as the best. I am determined to take back some of this enthusiasm to Spain, and make Christian Endeavor more of a power there than it has been in the past.

I made a perfect failure in my attempt to speak for Spain, but scarcely any one could hear me, so it didn't matter quite so much, and they knew Spain was represented. It was a dreadful ordeal, and I came near running away before I had to speak. One needs to go through it once to know

how to do it, for it is very different from the usual missionary or C. E. meeting.

JAN. 29, 1896.

Did any of you ever have an individual personal calendar made for you? Florence sent me one this year which is a perfect delight to me. She sent dated cards to friends of mine all over the country, and they wrote the sentiments. I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to find these beautiful quotations in the very hand-writing of my friends. I am looking for you girls to appear, one after the other.

MAY 26, 1896.

I can hardly realize how old we are getting, but I haven't yet come to the point where I would like to be younger. Of course I would like to take another college course now in the light of my present experience, but I don't believe I would be willing to give up the light of the years past even for that. I suppose it's because I always want to hurry on to see what is coming next. I spoil a good deal of my work in that way, by wanting to see how it will look when it is finished.

OCT. 14, 1896.

We have been fixing up a separate laboratory for biology. Heretofore, physics and chemistry have shared the room used for biology. But now I have a small room all my own, and have had a small sink put in and a shelf for a table. Although it is so small as to be very crowded, still it is a great improvement on the former plan. We have so little extra time that things are not yet in good shape, but we enjoy fixing them up little by little. When they are once fairly settled, they will be in better condition than

ever before. It sometimes seems as if we were getting things fixed up to leave them.

JAN. 20, 1897.

Just think! Nine years ago to-morrow I came to San Sebastian! How the years fly, and aren't we all growing old? But somehow, your letters do not sound old at all.

I seem to be the only one of our circle who has not, since our separation, been shown the Father's love by trials, and I sometimes wonder why it is so.

My three days at Northfield seem to have given me a little glimpse of what the real meaning of the baptism of the Spirit may be, and I think that I am coming to understand more of it now than ever before—enough to long for more and more for myself and for our girls.

MARCH 31, 1897.

As for myself, I've only blessing to chronicle,—such rich blessing, too, only it isn't easy to put it into words.

All the winter, we have been making a special study of the work of the Holy Spirit, and the Pentecostal blessing,—adding to the study of the Bible, the reading of some of Dr. Meyer's and Dr. A. J. Gordon's books, and articles on the Keswick movement. At the same time that we were thus led,—different ones in different ways, special help was being prepared for us in the shape of a three days' conference for the "deepening of spiritual life." The conference was held at Biarritz, and eight of our older Spanish girls, who understood English, attended the meetings with us. The influence which this may have on their future work, we cannot estimate; and those who did not go have been almost equally interested and impressed.

Perhaps you know all about it ere this [I did not] I

had never *really* taken God at His word and left Him to care for me and all my interests. But the joy of this blessed life of faith, even in my own weak trembling beginning, is as much greater than the former, as that was greater than the life before I became a Christian at all. And when one thinks that this is only the beginning of the riches of experience,—the "riches of faith," one cannot thank God enough for what he has done for us.

Nov. 18, 1897.

Last night when I was impatient with a not very severe toothache, I kept feeling more and more ashamed of my cowardice over any physical pain. I do not believe that I could make up my mind to have any serious surgical operation, and I am almost afraid that I shall some time need to have just that discipline to supply the lack in my make-up.

Please, girls, *don't* pretend that I accomplish anything, for indeed I do not. I just buzz around like a bee in a barrel, and stir up people, and make a fuss, and get credit for the work I do not do. Really I don't know *why* I am so busy,—or think I am—this year, but we all seem to be living at high pressure, and can find no remedy for it.

March 23, 1898.

I'm not overworking at all now,—there was a little while this year when I was rather near that point, but a rigid application of system tided me over; and now my work is much easier, and I breathe freely, and am very well. I understand what you mean by not regretting overwork, and yet for the sake of one's future usefulness, I think one ought to avoid it if possible.

We had a mild excitement the other day, in the shape of a chimney on fire. About twenty firemen came into the

house, and a crowd gathered in front, but all was over in a few minutes and no harm was done. Most providentially, all the girls were in the chapel practicing hymns for church, and we sent word to their leader to keep them there; so while the crowd watched the firemen on the roof, they could hear the inhabitants of the house singing hymns all the time. We teachers tried to form a line, and pass buckets in true Mount Holyoke style, but it resolved itself into each one's bringing a pailful of water from any faucet in the house where it could be obtained. We realize how good God was to us in not letting it be anything more serious.

Please don't get tired of my enthusiasm over Christian Endeavor. I simply can't help it when I see what it is doing for Spain. And I believe that very much greater blessings are to come right along this very line. We have just had a letter from Portugal, telling us of what we believe to be the first society of C. E. in that land, and I think we may be sure that this society is, under God, due to our little paper.

As to the threats of war, I haven't written anything about them for the simple reason that we do not think much about them, except for a few minutes when we read the morning paper. It came to be "Wolf" with us long ago. Of course we realize the danger, but we simply leave it in God's hands, and really think very little about it.

BIARRITZ, FRANCE, April 26, 1898.

If you have never tried moving a school from one country to another in thirty-six hours, you have still something to look forward to in the way of experience. We had hoped that it would not be necessary to take the step, and did not begin looking for a house until ten days ago. Still

we waited, till at last on Friday morning, we decided to accept the unanimous advice of our friends, and leave before Sunday. We told the girls to pack, and at 6 o'clock the next morning, they were on the train with their trunks. With two others, I remained behind to send off the most necessary goods, and I never worked so hard in my life as all that day. We had plenty of willing helpers,—some for love and some for money—and that evening, we, too, bought our tickets for France, and reached here about midnight.

In our haste and inexperience, we brought many of the least necessary articles, and left the ones most needed at the present time to follow as freight. But in spite of it all, we are getting along very well. The girls take their dessert of pudding or stewed prunes from cups or goblets or bowls, and sleep on sofas or chairs or two in a bed. They are very good indeed, and quite happy in spite of their exile. We began classes to-day, though the furniture and school apparatus have not yet arrived.

God has certainly been very good to us under these trying circumstances. We have the largest house in town, one very well suited to our needs, though we cannot help wishing it were still larger. There is a fine large yard with broad gravelled walks, in which the girls can run and jump and play to their heart's content; and we enjoy seeing them as much as they enjoy doing it. You know our great longing has been for a garden, but we never thought of getting it by such means.

We are on a high bluff directly above the beach, and though we are only about fifteen minutes' walk from the center of the town, still we have quite an out-in-the-country appearance.

Nothing whatever had occurred in San Sebastian to make it unpleasant for us there, but it seemed probable that we Americans might be obliged to leave sooner or later; and so long as we could transfer our school here and go right on with the work, it seemed decidedly the best thing to do. Our cloud has many a rift that shows a silver lining, but it is a cloud still, and sometimes it seems a very black one. With our hearts divided, as they are, between the two countries, we dread to think of the possibility of a real war.

BIARRITZ, May 29, 1898.

To-day we begin to feel as if there were some hope of our living again in peace and order after some indefinite future. I sometimes think that the little fragments of mind and memory which I used to think I possessed, have all disappeared during these five weeks of confusion.

As yet, not a single girl has been recalled by her parents, and the large majority have written expressing their satisfaction that their daughters are here with us.

Three weeks ago, I went back to San Sebastian to finish packing up the goods at 40 Avenida. We decided, after the exodus, that we would remain here until we can go into our own house,—wherever and whenever that may be. Old as I am, I had never been through a moving process before, so I wildly imagined that we could finish up everything in a week. But it took two weeks and two days, and all that time we had several men and women to help us. We have decided that it is not an easy matter to empty a house of sixty-four rooms, besides the large school-room and chapel, and a basement cellar of eight rooms,—all of these places supplied with more or less furniture, and some of them crammed with books and newspapers. To tell the

truth, it did seem that I could not possibly do it. I have always hated packing more than any other kind of work, and so I suppose God knew I needed this "discipline." Of one thing, I am sure,—and that is that I'm forever cured of my New England habit of saving everything which "may come handy sometime."

Well, at last the work was finished. Eleven car loads of goods were sent away from that house, and all but four have arrived here.

Our Christian Endeavor paper goes on: the "editorial department" is in Biarritz; the legal "Director" lives in San Sebastian; the publishing and mailing department is in Madrid. And under such circumstances, the paper appeared earlier this month than ever before, and has had a new department added. No, we are not dead yet, nor have we any thoughts of dying.

BIARRITZ, April 26, 1899.

How good it is to have this visit together again! Everybody thinks our "Budget" the most wonderful one on record, and I'm sure we all think so too.

It is just a year last Sunday since our Hegira, and these days have been full of reminiscences. I don't believe that I shall ever love France as I do Spain.

I made a trip to Osse to get the spring flowers of the Pyrenees. There were quantities of flowers, but they were practically the same as we have here, and I found only about twenty that were new to me. The yellow anemones and deep orange primroses and large gentians were new, and I revelled in the beautiful hepaticas which we seldom see here.

BIARRITZ, May 24, 1899.

I feel defrauded; somebody left out Arma's letter. It makes a great difference to have three letters instead of four. Did I ever tell you of the joke on myself—one time when I was doing up some cards to send to each of you for Christmas? I addressed four, and then for the life of me, I couldn't think who the fifth was!

I wish you could have been here for the last ten minutes, and appreciated with us the blessing of a garden for the girls to play in. It has been so windy and blustering all day that they could not go for a walk or scarcely get out of doors until since supper. Some one suddenly discovered that by putting her long-sleeved apron up over her head, and running against the wind, that she could make a wonderful balloon effect—a sort of elevated "cheese." Of course, the idea "took" immediately, and about twenty of them have been having the gayest time imaginable. The cob-webs are blown out of their heads for one while.

God gives us a great deal, and in His own time He will supply some of the wants which seem to us so necessary to the success of this work.

BIARRITZ, Nov. 8, 1899.

School is moving forward very easily and smoothly now, and I am not so overworked and overworried and overhurried as during the first few weeks. I certainly shall not break down if I can help it, and do not think there is any danger; but there are times when we simply cannot escape from doing a certain amount of work. I am neglecting many things from necessity this year, and we are giving the seniors as much responsibility as possible. It is good for them as well as a help to us.

I wish you could see the blaze of sunset-glory beyond

our windows, and across the bay,—over towards Spain. I grow more and more homesick for Spain, and more and more tired of this dreary country.

BIARRITZ, Jan. 13, 1900.

I was never so lonely and babyish in my life, and I'm ashamed of it, just now when I ought to be strongest and bravest. If I were not so rebellious in spirit, and would simply do the duty which lies nearest, I should get on very well; but I am so impatient at our fewness, and so sure that we are neglecting important work, that I fear I do not do even my own little best.

BIARRITZ, Feb. 22, 1900.

Yesterday I had a most delightful outing. With two friends I went to a little Basque town about two hours' ride from Biarritz; there we crossed a ferry,—even more primitive than the one of our school-days,—and with a boy who spoke some French as a guide, we went to a field where we gathered quantities of the beautiful scarlet anemone which we have often bought, but never gathered for ourselves before. To be sure, we had to pay for the privilege, but it was well worth it,—to see them really growing wild!

BIARRITZ, Sept. 1, 1900.

And now how can I tell you about my beautiful happy blessed summer! I did not deserve it after all the bitterness of the past year,—but that is all gone now. First we spent three days in Paris at the Exposition, and then went on to London where we spent a few days in shopping, sight-seeing and visiting. Then came the glories of the C. E. Convention, and after that our "Keswick week," which is something always to be remembered. We could get

much more real spiritual help from those smaller meetings than from the large ones in London, and they did help me to get back some of those things I had lost since that blessed Biarritz experience when I learned how much fuller the Christian life might be if we would wholly surrender ourselves to the Holy Spirit's influence. A good many points which had troubled me were cleared up, and I was helped to a happier, more reasonable, peaceful life than I'd known for sometime.

Our Zaragoza C. E. Convention came off last week, and was a grand success,—far beyond what we had dared expect in numbers, in interest, in enthusiasm, and in spirituality.

How we all rejoice in the coming of little Elinor! I am so glad that Florella has a sister, and you, Martha, were certainly intended for a mother if ever any woman was. As Carrie says, it is the ideal life, but the dear All-Father has had other plans for some of us. It seems a little strange that only one of our number should have married.

OSSE IN THE PYRENEES, Oct. 22, 1900.

You will be surprised at this heading,—though perhaps no more so than I am myself. You know that last year was a pretty hard one for Miss Page and myself. My summer was a very delightful one, but it proved far from restful. Consequently by the time that school was fairly started, I was in no condition to go on with it, and so the teachers have sent me up here for a fortnight. There is nothing the matter with me, only a lack of strength, and a sort of nervousness. But I am feeling much better now, and after a week more of idleness, mountain air, twice-a-day walks, eating largely and sleeping long nights, I expect to be as well as ever.

MANCHESTER, CONN., Jan. 21, 1901.

The budget preceding this one has evidently gone on to Spain, but by this time, you all know of my sudden home-coming.

I cannot realize that I have at any time had any very serious trouble, for I do not suffer, and feel very well. Last week I told mother and Minnie that I felt it was almost wrong to be so happy and perfectly content. But they assured me that it was at least better for my friends for me to be that way, and that very night, Mollie's "powder" said that in the busy days since she was ill three years ago, she had often regretted that she hadn't enjoyed more the enforced leisure of that time. So I've decided to go right on taking comfort in being lazy. And I will not get over-tired with anything.

It is thirteen years to-day since I first saw Spain.

MANCHESTER, Feb. 5, 1901.

I protest against being thought so much of an invalid. Really I feel like a hypocrite to receive so much sympathy and pity from friends who have been far worse than I.

How interesting Caroline's work is! I think, as Mollie says, that we might make one quite rounded individual if we were all shaken up together. But I am very well satisfied with *four* of us just as we are now.

MANCHESTER, March 7, 1901.

Yes, this budget is unusually interesting, as you all say: but did it ever occur to you that no two of us read the same budget? Not one of the letters to which Martha alludes is in this one, and only one that Arma read, etc. I had never reasoned that out before.

COLLINSVILLE, CONN., March 26, 1901.

How are we going to manage a Budget-reunion? I am not strong enough for it yet, and perhaps we'll have to leave it till late summer, or even later, for I think it probable that I shall not go back to Spain before winter.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., May 30, 1901.

You see where I am,—in the old Green Mountain State. Everything is so fresh and green, and the yards are so well-kept, that it seems like a big garden with houses set down in it. The surroundings are grand. It's like Jerusalem,—with the "mountains round about"!

As to my health, I hardly know what to say. My doctor gives me a year to get well in. To think of having to be away two whole years,—I who have always been so well! I feel pretty well all the time; it is only this lack of strength that bothers me. But as they all advise "cheerfulness" as the best remedy, I must be happy in my uselessness, and not worry about getting well. I obey that prescription most of the time, but had to complain a little to you this morning.

ST. JOHNSBURY, June 4, 1901.

I do wish that we might meet this summer, but I am not yet fit for visiting. The doctors all tell me that it will certainly be a year before I am fit to take up work again. Two whole years away from my work seems pretty hard. But I know that "all things work together for good to them that love God," so I know it is all right.

EAGLE POINT, NORTH DERBY, VT., July 17, 1901.

I wish you could see where I write,—on the cool veranda of a pretty green cottage in the woods, and only a few feet from Lake Memphremagog. I call it "cool," but it is

hardly that anywhere to-day, but as much so here as anywhere. It seems as if the summers I spend in this country were "unusually hot," and it was the same in England last summer, and the two preceding summers in France. I find it hard not to "fall from grace" when it is hot. So I suppose that all these "unusual summers" are good discipline for me according to Butler,—only I feel that I am not profiting as much by it as I ought.

How I wish it were possible to have our reunion here. I am much better now, and gaining faster than I have done at any time before. I hope to be able to spend a term in New York the coming winter getting what I can from the Teachers' College.

Dear Martha, I am so sorry for all the hard and sad things that have come into your life lately. Elizabeth wrote me of your dear sister's death. Like Arma's nephew, it *seemed* as if her work were not yet done. It is a sad blow for the family, for her children needed her much, so far as our earthly eyes can see.

Caroline, you and Arma both say what I have long felt, that death is a less evil than many others. I have so many friends on the other side that it merely seems another country, with no means of communication with this, so far as friends are concerned. Yet it was hard to let them go, and hard to do without them.

EAGLE POINT, NORTH DERBY, Aug. 16, 1901.

We are having a strong wind to-day which reminds me of "The Bay of Biscay, oh!" The past three weeks have been very cool and comfortable.

This is a slow tiresome disease, and has all sorts of disagreeable symptoms. Just now it is a trouble for breath which worries me after very slight exertion. But that will

end as all other things have done, when the time comes. Perhaps a change back to town life will be good now as changes seem to be beneficial.

Yes Mollie, it does seem hard to be "so near and yet so far." I look at old Jay Peak, and think of you beyond it. I hardly like the thought of leaving beautiful Vermont without seeing you.

I want to stop at dear old *Alma Mater* when I go back to Connecticut, but do not yet know whether it can be.

Good-bye for this time; with a great deal of love to each and all,—CATHARINE.

Thus with no "sadness of farewell," Catharine left us. The last two letters came by way of Japan to the three of us in this country, and were not received until after she had entered the "other country."

One of those last two wishes was gratified, and Catharine did not "leave beautiful Vermont" without seeing me. In large things, one looks for God's providence and recognizes it; but when one sees a clear leading, and a sure planning even to minute details in so small a matter as the meeting of two friends, then one takes off his shoes and treads softly and knows the place is holy ground.

The summer was almost gone, and though for several weeks Catharine and I had been separated by only a score or two of miles, we had not met. With full confidence in the wisdom of her friends, I had waited in patience. And now the time was fast approaching when I must once more return to my work. The days in the home-nest grow more precious with their lessening number, and at the last of a summer vacation, seashore and mountains, friends and acquaintances may call in vain. So when there came an

invitation for a few days in the mountains, to the surprise of everyone, including myself, I said, "I'm going," and I named the day. Then came another message, "Can you come a day earlier and take the noon train?" And again almost against my will, I answered "Yes."

I knew that it must be nearing the time for the family at Eagle Point to return to St. Johnsbury. But fearing that they might make some change in their plans if they knew earlier, it was not till the preceding day that I wrote to Catharine: "I shall be on the train that leaves Newport at one o'clock to-morrow."

The train was crowded with people returning from the Buffalo Exposition—even the aisles were filled. But the person who had been sharing my seat got off at Newport, and while I was eagerly looking out of the window, scanning the throng for one dear familiar face, I heard a sweet glad voice—"Why Mollie!" And there by my side was Catharine—Catharine, thin and pale, and with the sunshine all gone from her pretty wavy hair, but a more radiant sunlight in her eyes and on her face than I had ever seen before. In that one quick look, I seemed to know it all, and my eyes filled with tears. For none of us had dreamed of this; and when I had last seen Catharine, seven years before, she was in the full glory of health and joy and winsome womanhood.

She was carrying a pot of beautiful maiden-hair fern—"taking it home to mother," she said. "She doesn't know, oh she doesn't know, and I mustn't let her know," was my one thought as I took the precious fern and placed it by the window. Then as if this were quite a common everyday meeting, I took out my lunch and gave her tiny bits of everything. "How do you know how to give

such little pieces, Molecule?" she said, and added with her own quaint humor, "Isn't it funny how one can eat the whole of a little piece when one cannot even touch a little bit of a big piece!"

After lunch, we sat with our shoulders touching, and her little thin hands in mine. We did not talk all the time, and in the little silences, I tried to think if there were any last message, and there seemed to be none. There were no misunderstandings to clear away, no harsh words or unkind thoughts to regret, no memory that could sadden the future. Surely if life brought naught else but sorrow, were it once blessed with such a friendship, one might still be glad to live.

"Did my note make any change in your plans?" I asked half fearfully. "Oh no, we decided quite suddenly a day or two ago to come on this train. Your note came just before we started, and I was so afraid we might not find you in all this crowd of people. But I needn't have worried, God had planned it all," she added with the simple faith of those who know.

She told me of her happy summer, and the sweet contented days in her two Connecticut homes. She was "sorry that she had had to leave her work," but oh "so glad that she had been able to hold out till the others could come." And then I realized that this was victory and not defeat. A besieged general could do no more. She said, "If I had it all to live through again, I should know no better when or where to stop. It is true that some of my friends told me I was breaking down, but I was so busy, I didn't and couldn't realize it."

That was her last Friday on earth, but still full of hope and courage, she was planning for the winter. She hoped to go to New York to study, perhaps for the spring term,

and in January she would like to go to Boston to spend a few days with me. Then we fell to planning what we would do, and where we would go, and before we were aware, the train was rolling into St. Johnsbury.

Her hope and courage were contagious, and I like to think that it was with bright faces that we bade each other good-bye. Again, no "sadness of farewell." Tenderly her friends helped her from the car and across the platform where the carriage was waiting. It had rained in the morning, and the clouds still hung low. But just then, the sun broke through, and as the train pulled out from the station, I caught a last glimpse of her standing there,—with the golden sunlight falling over her, and the maiden-hair fern nodding bravely above her shoulder.

"It makes a great difference to have three letters in the Budget instead of four." Ah, Catharine, how true that is, we must ever realize more and more.

"Yet death itself does not seem sad to me." And nevermore can death seem sad to us, since you so softly fell asleep on earth and woke in heaven. It must have been a sweet and glad surprise to waken there.

"Still it was hard to let them go, and hard to do without them." Beloved, it was hard to let you go, and it is hard to do without you.

"I have so many, many loved ones on the other side, and they really seem nearer to me than those in America." And we begin to see how this too, was true: for you often seem nearer to us now than when you were in Spain.

"Another country,"—you said, "Another country with no means of communication with this,—so far as the friends

are concerned." Therein lies the only sadness. Yet we think of you in the richness of the fuller life and the higher service and we feel that you are not unmindful of us as we strive to do the daily duty. With tender reverence, we remember and love you always, and so long as we dwell among earth's shadows, we shall gain inspiration from you in the eternal sunlight.

MARY PERLE ANDERSON

SOMERVILLE, MASS.,
March 1902.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

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